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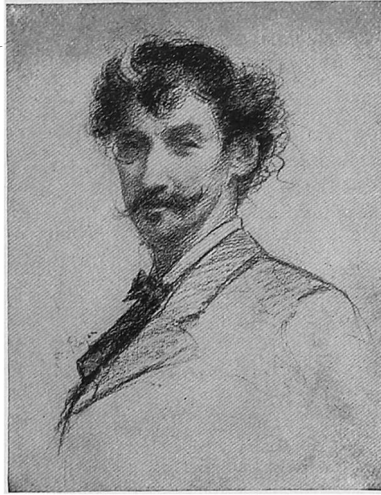
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## WHISTLER, THE MAN, AS TOLD IN ANECDOTE

It would seem that, despite Whistler's devotion to pictorial art, as painter, etcher, and lithographer, he was throughout his life no less devoted to the gentle art of making enemies. It is not true, as some have said, that his hand—or tongue—was against everybody, and everybody's against him; but it is true that he delighted in con-



PORTRAIT OF J. McNEILL WHISTLER  
By Rajon

troversy, in sallies with a malicious sting, in bitter wit, and more bitter sarcasm. This habit of mind was due probably not less to his earnestness than to his intense egotism. Innumerable are the stories that have been told of his wit and whims; and as many of these incidents are as eloquent of the man as his canvases and prints are of his art, a number of characteristic anecdotes are herewith given, which will give an insight into the artist's manner and character.

A commissioner representing the American Art Section of a recent exposition was billed to arrive in Paris to arrange with the American painters and sculptors there for their contributions. He wished to be brisk and business-like, and so wrote ahead to several artists, stating that he would be in Paris on a certain day, at a certain hotel, and naming the hour at which he hoped each man would call upon him. On his schedule for the day was the name of Whistler, and the hour was "4:30 precisely." The note elicited from the artist the following reply: "Dear Sir, I have received your letter announcing that you will arrive in Paris on the —th. I congratulate you. I have never been able, and shall never be able, to be anywhere at '4:30 precisely.' Yours most faithfully, J. McN. Whistler."

A prominent American art dealer, whose specialty is fine engravings and etchings, once called on Whistler at his studio and purchased quite a large invoice of his etchings. In order to bring the etchings



into this country duty free, the dealer asked Whistler to go with him to the proper office and sign the consular certificate as an American citizen. This at first Whistler cheerfully agreed to do. When the time came, however, for him to go and put his signature on the document, he positively refused to accompany the dealer. Turning upon him haughtily, Whistler said, "My signature, sir, has value, and I positively refuse to put it on any such document." And he did not. The dealer had to pay the duty, and never afterwards bought a print from the artist.

A lady visited Whistler's studio, and on looking over the Thames series of etchings, with the evident intention of complimenting the artist, said: "Mr. Whistler, your pictures do so remind me of nature." The artist replied: "Indeed, madam! Then nature is looking up."

A Colorado millionaire went to Whistler's studio in the Rue du Bac. He glanced in an interested way at the pictures on the walls—symphonies in rose and gold, in blue and gray, in brown and green. "How much for the lot?" he asked, with the confidence of one who owns gold mines. "Four millions," said Whistler. "What!" "My posthumous prices," and the painter added, "good morning."

A newspaper man once called on Whistler to get some of the painter's ideas on art in general, and his own in particular. "As you are probably aware," said he, "there are still a lot of people who are at a loss to understand either your paintings or your etchings. I should like to help the world to appreciate your revelations." "Revelations! I like that; that's good," said Whistler. "But, my dear sir," he continued, in quite a different tone, "that is impossible. They would never understand. It's much too high, too great. Why, I myself am compelled to stand on tiptoe to reach my own height, metaphorically speaking. To begin with, you, my dear sir, are nobody; nothing from my point of view—just a conglomeration of bad colors. Why on earth, man, do you wear a brown jacket with blue trousers? That's like B flat in G major."

One of the best stories told of Whistler is related by William M. Chase. One day while the two men were painting together in Whistler's studio in London a rap was heard at the door and was answered by Whistler. Chase overheard the protesting voice of a lady, who affirmed that she had come on an errand she had frequently attempted to execute. Her picture had been borrowed by Whistler two years previously, had been several times exhibited, and though she had frequently tried to induce the artist to return the picture, he still kept it in his possession. Now she absolutely refused to let it remain longer out of her possession. Presently the suave voice of Whistler was heard in argument, and not long after the voice became more indistinct as the lady was being escorted to her carriage. When Whistler returned he was heard to mutter something about the absurdity of people believing because they had paid two pounds or

three pounds for a picture that they thereby owned it. The ridiculous element of this speech never seemed to occur to the doughty artist.

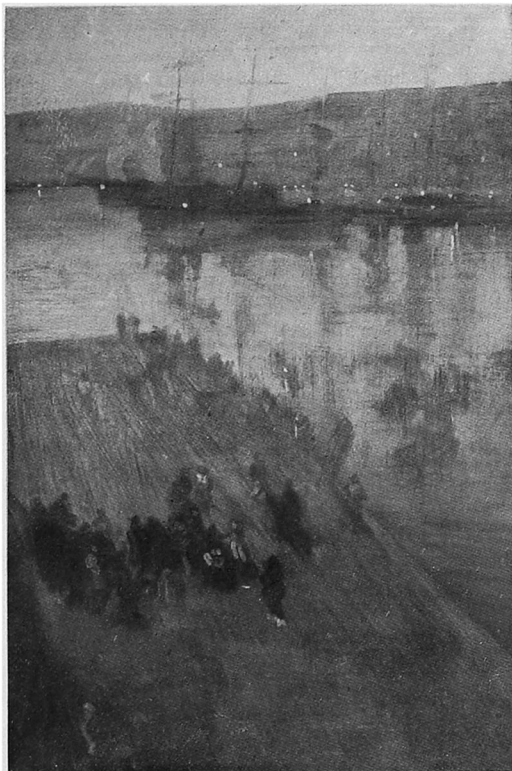
Not long after Whistler had become recognized as one of the world's great painters, a picture painted by him in his early days in Venice was put on sale in London. It attracted a good deal of attention, and Whistler, having forgotten all about it, determined to go and see it. When he arrived at the gallery he found some one on the point of buying it, and two of his friends were standing before the discovery and proclaiming its merits in enthusiastic terms. "Did you ever see such color?" asked one. "What an exquisite composition!" exclaimed the other. "And the beauty of outline and marvellous tone!" "And what quality!" "It's his greatest work!" They paused for a moment as Whistler stepped nearer the picture, and looking it over quietly, said: "Umph! It doesn't seem to be so very clever. I can't say that I think so much of it. Why"—and all the contempt he was master of he put into the next line—"it isn't half finished."

Whistler once heard a group of American and English artists discussing the manifold perfections of the late Lord Leighton, president of the Royal Academy. "Exquisite musician. Played the violin like a professional," said one. "One of the best-dressed men in London," said another. "Danced divinely," remarked the third. "Ever read his essays?" asked a fourth. "In my opinion, they're the best thing of the kind ever written." Whistler, who had remained silent, tapped the last speaker on the shoulder. "Painted a little, too, didn't he?" he said.

Whistler's Paris pupils planned to call on him on New-Year's morning. A friendly student, not at all sure that the artist would like it, gave him a little tip as to the surprise party. "Tell them that I never receive callers," he exclaimed, excitedly. The pupil explained that Whistler wasn't supposed to know anything about it. "Are you sure they mean well?" he inquired, anxiously, and on being reassured: "Well, tell them I never receive visitors in the morning." The pupils called in the afternoon and found awaiting them a most genial and delightful host. He told stories, and showed them his palettes to prove that he practiced what he preached, and pictures and sketches were exhibited to them never seen by the public—among the surprising ones being some allegorical studies. He served them with champagne and fruits and cakes, and was most solicitous as to their enjoyment. One of the pupils asked him how he arranged his subjects so as to produce the low tone noted in his pictures. He posed a visitor, pulled over the shades so as to shut out all light, save from one window, and there before them was a living Whistler "arrangement" ready to recede behind a frame, as he says all portraits should do. This anecdote is characteristic of the artist.

Receiving the award of a medal of the second class, Whistler once

thanked a jury for their second-class compliment. Fretted by a man whose room he was decorating, he finished the decoration—the famous “peacock room”—by painting two peacocks, one with a long lock over its brow to represent himself, pecking at the other peacock.



NOCTURNE—BLUE AND GOLD

By J. McNeill Whistler

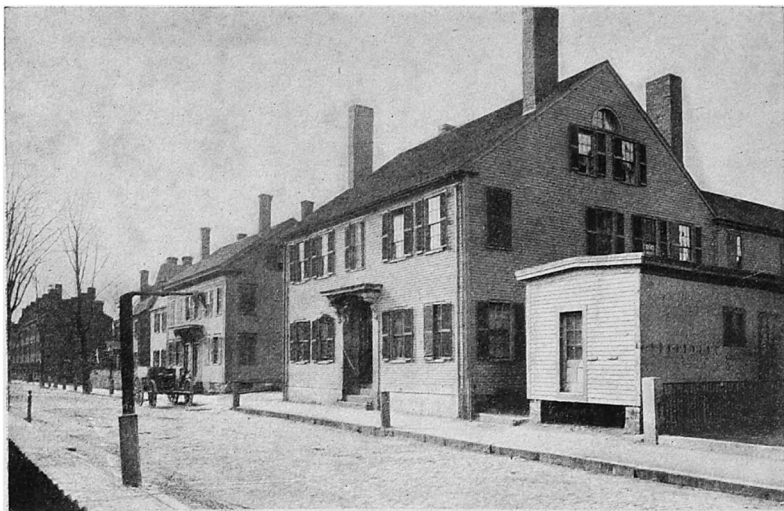
head of that monk, and there is nothing to cast it. What do you mean by that?" Instead of replying, Whistler lifted his brush, and with almost one stroke, put a cowl over the head of the monk. The assistant professor had seen the picture a moment too soon for his own good, Whistler having painted the shadow before he painted the object itself. This was not an uncommon practice with the artist.

On one occasion, when a young artist in London, his furniture

Whistler's clever work was a delight to Professor Robert Weir, instructor in drawing and painting, and a well-known American painter. This aroused the envy of the Professor's assistant, and he watched for opportunities to "call down" Whistler. On one occasion, when he was criticising the work of the students, he paused at the side of Whistler, who was copying in water-color a picture of an interior of a cathedral, in which were a number of monks. "What principles of light and shade are you working by, sir?" he said, loud enough for everybody in the room to hear. "There you have painted a shadow behind the

was seized for debt. So completely did the bailiffs loot his studio that nothing was left with the exception of a few of his pictures, the beauties of which were unintelligible to the artist's unwelcome visitors. The absence of furniture did not in the least disconcert the young American, who promptly proceeded to paint a beautiful set about the walls of his room. A short time later, on receiving a call from several distinguished Londoners, he invited one of them to be seated, an attempt which proved a signal failure, much to the embarrassment of the one made a victim and to Whistler's supreme delight.

Whistler was an American, but at one time his aversion for Ameri-



THE HOUSE IN WHICH WHISTLER WAS BORN, LOWELL, MASS.  
From a photograph.

cans was so strong that, for instance, at the Centennial Exposition he did not want his pictures hung with those of American artists, but demanded that they be hung in the British section. At another time he turned against the English. It was when he failed of re-election to the Royal Society of British Artists. They refused to acknowledge that he was an artist. He and his friends then resigned. "It is very simple," he said, in explanation; "the artists retired; the British remained."

"Allow my masterpiece to go to such a place as Chicago? Never! And my reputation and the dignity of the artistic profession? Never!" Whistler is credited with having made this vehement remark when Mrs. Harold Peck asked him in 1896 to ship to Chicago a painting of



LADY EDEN  
By J. McNeill Whistler

Miss Marion Peck, executed by the artist in Paris and London under romantic circumstances. The fact that Miss Peck gave him more than ninety sittings for the picture, and that the artist's price for it was paid promptly upon its completion, adds a flavor to the story which makes it worthy of preservation as a real Whistler masterpiece. The picture was begun at the Paris studio of Whistler shortly after Mrs. Peck and her daughter went abroad. When they were in London the last exactions were complied with, and the portrait was finished beyond even the author's cavil. It delighted

the patrons as much as it did the artist. Then being about to return home, Mrs. Peck spoke of sending it to Chicago. "Send it to Chicago!" the painter gasped. Separation from his creation probably entered the Whistler mind for the first time and with a pang. He forgot possibly that he had months ago accepted a generous price for it. "Allow my masterpiece to go to such a place as Chicago? Never! And my reputation and the dignity of the artistic profession? Never!"

Chase once urged him to stop work and get off to a dinner party where he was pledged. It did not move the man to be told that the dinner was growing cold and the guests were waiting for the lion. He uttered inarticulate grunts and painted on while Chase scolded. Finally Whistler turned around and said: "Chase, what a nuisance

you are! The idea of leaving a beautiful thing like this to go eat with people!" Showing Whistler's love of art and contempt of people.

The story is told of Whistler's being sent out on one occasion to make a drawing for the United States coast survey. The set task being done, he amused himself with sketches on the margin of the plate. The sketches were unnoticed until the printing of the coast drawing, when an indignant officer called the young artist up for reprimand. As the sketches were so much better than the mechanical exercise, Whistler decided on an artistic career and shortly afterward went abroad.

Once Whistler paid a visit to Sir Alma Tadema, the artist. On the night of his arrival Whistler's host announced that he intended to give a breakfast next morning. "There will be a number of ladies present, Whistler," he said, "and I want you to pull yourself together and look your best." "All right," said Whistler. Early the next morning Whistler's voice was heard ringing through the magnificent halls of the Tadema mansion. "Tadema! Tadema! I want you, Tadema!" Thinking nothing less than fire, Sir Alma rushed to the room of his guest. "For heaven's sake, Whistler, what's the matter? You've waked up every one in the house. What is it?" "Oh, don't get so excited, Tadema," drawled Whistler; "I only wanted to know where you kept the scissors to trim the fringe off cuffs with. Thought you wanted me to pull myself together for the ladies."

On one occasion Whistler submitted an article at the request of an editor. The editor returned it to him to revise. The next day



THE LANGE LEIZEN  
By J. McNeill Whistler

the article came back unchanged, but appended was the note, "Who am I, that I should tamper with a masterpiece?" Egotism prevailed.

Like many jokers, he could not take a joke when it was on himself. This Du Maurier, the author of "Trilby," found out when the story was running serially. In the third installment of the story Du Maurier had introduced a lifelike caricature of Whistler under the name of Joe Sibley. In the text that accompanied the sketch Du Maurier described Sibley as a young man with "beautiful white hair like an albino's, as soft and bright as floss silk," and as "tall and slim and graceful, and like most of the other personages concerned in this light story, nice to look at, with pretty manners (and an unimpeachable moral tone)." Sibley had, said Du Maurier, "but one god," whose praises he perpetually was singing, and who was that god? "Sibley was the god of Joe's worship, and none other, and he would hear of no other genius in the world."

Whistler took great umbrage at this description of Joe Sibley, and published a wrathful letter denouncing his old friend as an ingrate. The passages had to be eliminated by the publishers.

One day when Whistler was wearing the cap and bells, he turned suddenly upon Chase and declared his intention of going back to London and having made for him a white hansom with canary-colored wheels and canary satin linings. He would petition the city authorities for the privilege of attaching one lamp to this vehicle, and of surmounting the lamp with a white plume. In triumph



HARMONY IN GREEN AND ROSE  
By J. McNeill Whistler

he cried, "I shall then be the only and supreme one."

When Whistler won in his libel suit against Ruskin the farthing which he promptly hung upon his watch chain, and the British public subscribed the nineteen hundred dollars costs which fell upon Ruskin, one of the subscribers exclaimed that ten times the amount would not have been too much for the public to pay for the entertainment the suit afforded them, and he expressed the feelings of many people in those words.

In the course of this celebrated lawsuit, the lawyer asked Whistler how long it took him to "knock off" a nocturne, and when the lawyer condescendingly explained that he was using words that applied to his own work, Whistler replied: "I am very much flattered to think you apply to a work of mine any term that you are in the habit of using when referring to your own. As I remember, it took me about a day to 'knock off' that nocturne." "And you ask two hundred guineas for a day's work?" "No," replied Whistler, "I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime."

Chase once urged Whistler to keep an important engagement with an American traveling in England and limited for time. The engagement involved important financial business for the artist; but he could scarcely be torn from the easel. When work was suspended, much time was expended on the usual elaborate toilet, and the two finally set forth, Whistler carrying the slender wand made famous by Du Maurier's caricature. This time it was used to prod the horse that dragged their hansom. After traveling long stretches of London streets and nearly reaching the end of the journey, Whistler suddenly



JAPANESE LADY  
By J. McNeill Whistler

ordered the cabman to turn about and retrace many steps, then to thread in and out odd streets, Chase sulkily protesting, until he ordered the driver to draw up before a green-grocer's. "There!" said the enthusiastic artist, "there is a bit of color for you! That's fine! Only I shall have that box of oranges placed on the opposite side of the doorway. I shall come and do that some time." Then when the mood had passed the journey was resumed.

On one occasion Whistler was commissioned by Sir William Eden to paint a portrait of Lady Eden, and this portrait, when finished, was exhibited in the Champ de Mars salon in Paris. Sir William sent to Whistler one hundred guineas, which was duly acknowledged, but instead of sending on the portrait Whistler painted out the face in the portrait and announced himself insulted by the paltry amount sent him. Sir William then instituted a suit against him, which resulted in a judgment directing the artist to restore the picture, return the one hundred guineas with five per cent interest, and pay seven hundred dollars damages and costs. The picture, when completed for a second time, was one of the artist's masterpieces.

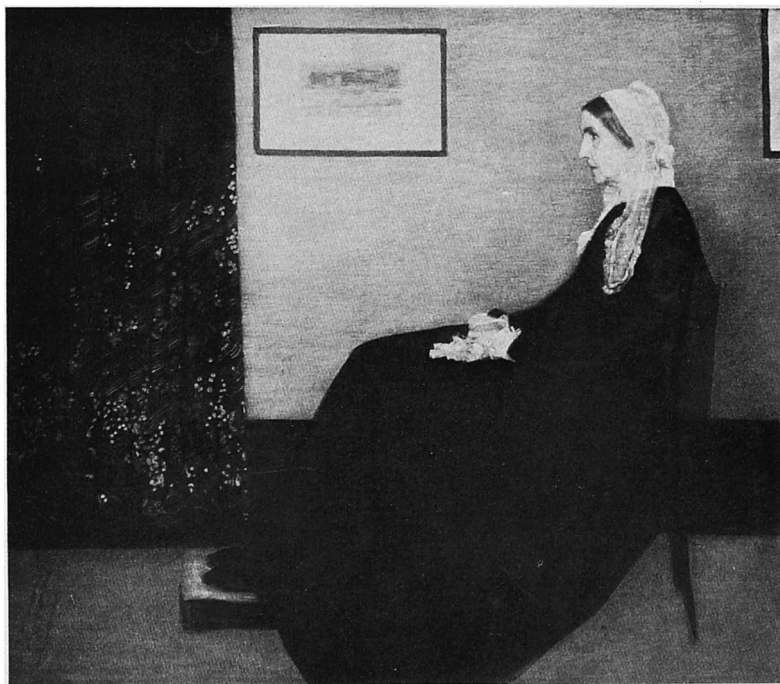
A pupil of feeble powers, but limitless patience and confidence, having worked indefatigably at a study one day, felt that she had accomplished something sure to win the master's approval. She looked up smilingly and trustfully as he approached. He paused behind her chair. "Scrape it out, madam, scrape it out!" he ejaculated, brusquely, and passed on.

When the gravest bulletins were being issued concerning the health of Whistler, the Morning Post printed some reminiscent criticisms which suggested a biography. That morning the Post also printed a letter from Whistler, at The Hague, written in a most characteristic vein, thanking the paper for "the flattering attention paid me by your gentlemen of ready wit and quick biography. It is almost with sorrow that I beg you to put it back into the pigeonhole." He added that this would give the critic time to correct some of the errors. Whistler meanwhile apologized for "continuing to wear my own hair and eyebrows after my distinguished confrères and eminent persons have long ceased the habit. It is even found inconsiderate and unseemly in me, as hinting at affectation." Finally he asked that the premature tablet be withdrawn, because "I have lurking in London still a friend, though for the life of me I cannot remember his name."

In the early student days of the Latin quarter, Whistler, bereft of all but his one suit of clothes, got a commission to copy a picture in the Louvre. Accordingly he went early, and when the door was opened to the room where the painters' supplies were stored, he selected a suitable canvas and palette, never inquiring as to ownership, posted himself before the picture he was to do, and studied it carefully while the other artists were setting up their easels. Then he

sauntered jauntily up to a neighbor and fell into conversation with him, meanwhile helping himself to what colors he needed from the palette of the man before him. The bull had been taken so boldly by the horns that the despoiled artist only grinned and said nothing.

Whistler's methods of teaching were original. He laid little stress



PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER

By J. McNeill Whistler  
In the Luxembourg

on drawing. He hated and despised academic treatment. He wanted the pupil to paint. A few careful charcoal strokes on the canvas as a guide, the rest to be drawn on with brush and color. And he preached simplicity—as few tones as possible, as low as possible. But it is painful to record that the endeavors of a certain proportion of the class to attempt the achievements of the master in this respect resulted in a unique crop of posters. The constant theme of his discourse was “mixture.” He advised a pupil to get first on his palette a correct and sufficient mixture of each tone required for his picture.

Often he would give a long criticism without so much as glancing at the canvas—a criticism on the mixtures he found on the pupil's palette; and he himself would work indefinitely at the colors, using up great “gobs” of paint, and all the while talking, till it appeared to him to be satisfactory. Color, color, color was the great point emphasized.



ROTHERHITHE  
By J. McNeill Whistler  
Thames Series of Etchings

On a Holland trip some canvases, that had been expressed to a point where sketching had been planned, failed to arrive at the expected time. The fame of the artist was well established there, and the honor of his visit appreciated. The official of the express company offered his apology for the inconvenience caused by the delay, and begged to know if the canvases were valuable. Whistler, magnificently responsive to the man's solicitude, said: "Not yet; not yet!"

Allied with these anecdotes is the less known or perhaps unknown reply Whistler made to a lady who met him

at the Royal Academy and expressed her surprise at seeing him in a place he was reported never to enter. "Well," retorted Whistler, "one must do something to add interest to the show; so here I am."

A certain inflated and ornamental colonel of volunteers, and unknown to the Beefsteak Club, was airing his importance one evening at the Grosvenor Gallery reception. The company were waiting for the Prince of Wales. The colonel, standing behind Whistler, suddenly expanded his chest, and in a manner calculated to be impress-

ive, and to call the guests to "attention," exclaimed: "The prince, ladies and gentlemen, the prince!" Whistler turned, and said with his inimitable chuckle, "Couldn't help it, friend, could you?" The bystanders smiled, the colonel looked uneasy. "Sir," said he, "I saw over your head." "Sir," retorted the ready McNeill, "over my head there is nothing."

Whistler was once requested to leave the boarding-house of a lady who took great pride in a portrait she had of her son, who had been killed. After he had been dismissed the artist spent one afternoon in the parlor. He stood up before the picture, clasping his hands and showing all the signs of amazed admiration, just as one of the landlady's daughters entered. Appearing very much embarrassed at being thus discovered, he stammered: "You will excuse me, Miss Amelia, won't you, for my forwardness in thus intruding, but I could not help it. You know how I love art, and a great work like this makes me almost speechless. How noble that face is! and how exquisite is the color! What a splendid eye! What a magnetic countenance! I hope you won't think my admiration of it an impertinence!" He did not leave the house, it is needless to say.

One day on entering his class-room he discovered that a red background had been arranged behind the model. He was horrified, and directed the students to put up something duller in tone. Then he scraped out the red paint on a pupil's canvas and proceeded to mix and lay on a new background. Somehow the red would show through, and he found it difficult to satisfy himself with the effect he produced. He mixed and studied and scraped, working laboriously, surrounded by a group of admiring students. Finally he remarked: "I suppose you know what I'm trying to do?" "Oh, yes, sir," they chorused. "Well, it's more than I know myself," he grimly replied.

In regard to the use of the flat tones and the preparation of correct mixtures in large quantities Whistler often remarked: "House-painters have the right idea about painting, God bless them!"

Whistler once said in conversation: "Yes, I have many friends and I am grateful to them; but those whom most I love are my enemies—not in a biblical sense; oh, no! But because they keep one always busy, always up to the mark, either fighting them or proving them to be idiots."

Once in a criticism he took the brush from a pupil's hand, and with one careful stroke painted in an upper lip; so true was the modeling, so skillful the brush-work, that all the hardness and rounding of the teeth beneath, the indentation of the center of the lip, and the subtle connection at the nostril were faithfully reproduced; with a touch of his thumb he joined lip and cheek. The students stood around breathless with admiration. No man other than Velasquez and Whistler could have equaled the performance, and they knew it

—and Whistler knew it, as he smilingly passed on, appearing unfeignedly proud of his achievement. He loved such exhibitions.

On one occasion he had been asked to a reception given by Sir

Henry Irving, and the actor, on seeing the artist enter the house, greeted him effusively, and remarked that among his choicest possessions was one of Mr. Whistler's paintings. On being taken to it, Whistler studied it carefully, and turning to his host, remarked: "Very good, indeed; but you may not have noticed that you've hung it upside down."

On another occasion at a dinner a critic said in Whistler's hearing, meaning to be sarcastic, that the two greatest masters of art in the world were Velasquez and Whistler. "Why," drawled Whistler, across the table—"why drag in Velasquez?"

Whistler used to tell this story about one of his paintings on exhibition at the Art Building at the World's Fair: "The painting had for its subject presumably a young woman, also presumably possessed of all the attributes which make young women impress us as they do," Whistler said. "Two people were standing before the picture one day. One was instructing the other. 'But what is it?' says the first, 'is it a woman?' 'Oh, no,' answers the other, 'it is only



ARRANGEMENT IN BLACK AND BROWN  
By J. McNeill Whistler

Whistler's idea of a woman.'"

One time in Paris a beautiful model who had managed to hold her peace while she was posing, suddenly asked: "Where were you born?" "I never was born, my child; I came from on high." This was once when Whistler got back the change. The model retorted

instantly: "Now, that just shows how easily we deceive ourselves in this world. I should much sooner have said that you came up from below." The turn was so cleverly made that it amazed the artist.

As is well known, Whistler's professional, as well as legal signature, was a butterfly. It appeared on his paintings and was the only signature recognized at his bank. Autograph fiends schemed in vain, and would have paid handsomely for Whistler's autograph in script. One day the painter was visited in his studio by a Jew, who appeared to be very angry. He had received Whistler's check for five dollars, and wrathfully demanded a proper signature, that would draw the money at the bank. Whistler, genuinely enraged at the thought that there could be any one so ignorant as not to know about the famous butterfly, wrote his name on the check, knowing that the bank would refuse it. The next day the painter was furious on learning that within an hour the Jew had sold the rare signature for two hundred and fifty dollars—a clear gain of two hundred and forty-five dollars.

Oscar Wilde and Whistler were once bosom friends—united by their common eccentricities. It is known that W. S. Gilbert modeled his fleshly Bunthorne upon these two, adding a dash of Algernon Charles Swinbourne to give zest. Once the apostle of the lily and sunflower wrote to his brother æsthetic: "When you and I are together we never talk about anything except



HARMONY IN PINK AND GRAY  
By J. McNeill Whistler

ourselves." To which Whistler did not neglect to reply: "No, no, Oscar, you forget. When you and I are together we never talk about anything except me."

The art critic ever touched the spring of Whistler's deepest bitterness. Of Ruskin's "high-sounding, empty things," he wrote that "they would give Titian the same shock of surprise that was Balaam's when the first great critic proffered his opinion."

Frederick Wedmore, a critic, complained that Whistler had treated him unfairly in a quotation from his writings. Whistler had substituted, he said, "understand" for "understate." "My carelessness is culpable," wrote Whistler; "the misprint is without excuse. I have all along known that with Mr. Wedmore, as with his brethren, it is always a matter of understating and not at all of understanding." When Taylor the critic died, "I have hardly a warm personal enemy left," sorrowed Whistler.

Rossetti once showed Whistler a sketch. Whistler praised it and bade Rossetti go on with it. Later Rossetti went into ecstasies over his painting himself and brought it to Whistler to show him how beautiful it had become. Whistler said that apparently nothing had been done upon it further, and Rossetti acknowledged that that was so, but he had written a sonnet upon it, which he proceeded to read to Whistler, according to one of the stories which Sheridan Ford tells in his personally conducted edition of "The Gentle Art." When the reading ceased: "Rossetti," said Whistler, "take the picture out and put the sonnet in the frame."

Yet this strange genius could be a courtier. He had, as president of the Royal Society, obtained for it a royal charter, which the society had never before had. When the Prince of Wales, now King Edward, paid his first visit to the society's galleries after this, Whistler, as president, was there to receive him, and the prince said that he had never before heard of that society and asked its history. "It has none, your highness," said Whistler; "its history dates from to-day."

Whistler, a short time before his death, showed his Scotch artist-neighbor, E. A. Walton, over his bronze-domed house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. "Beautiful," said Walton. "But rather Bunthorney," said Whistler, "and it has involved me in another lawsuit. Builders are working on the adjoining plot and the noise of the hammers, etc., prevents me from working. I am an old man and have no time to lose, so I wrote a protest to the landlord. He laid the blame on the woman who was building the house. I wrote to the lady and she blamed the landlord. I am now taking proceedings against the landlord. You see, art is my pastime and litigation my serious pursuit. It works for good. It pays my lawyers, it advertises my landlord, and it amuses me."

In a report of a certain public sale the statement was printed that when one of Whistler's nocturnes was put up it was promptly hissed.

Whistler sat down and wrote the editor of the paper acknowledging the compliment, "the distinguished though unconscious compliment, so publicly paid. It is rare that recognition so complete is made during the lifetime of the painter." Another time he exclaimed, characteristically: "There are those, they tell me, who have the approval of the public—and live."

When Oscar Wilde commended one of his epigrams by remarking, "I wish I had said that," Whistler retorted: "You will, Oscar." To another artist who stammered Whistler congratulated him, and said, if he were not so old he would cultivate a stammer like it, because it would enable him to say some amazingly funny things.

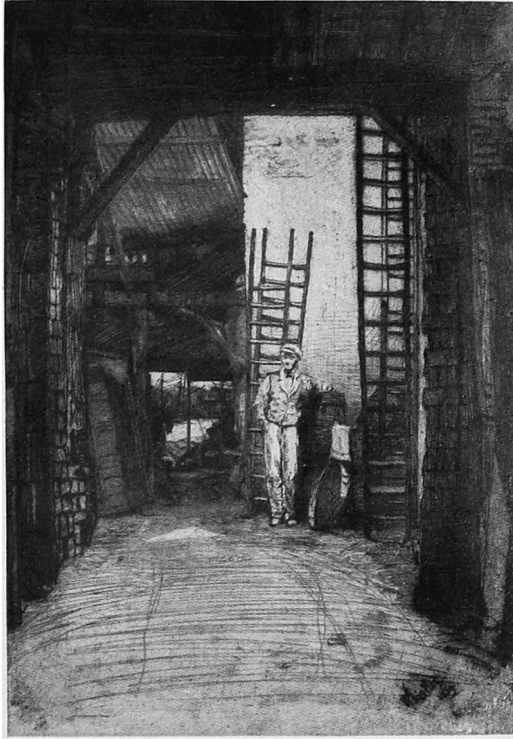
When he failed of re-election to the presidency of the Royal Society of British Artists, Whistler remarked: "No longer can it be said that the right man is in the wrong place." When the trouble in this society was brewing and his cause was sinking, one of his supporters resigned. "Ah," said Whistler, "the early rat."

"It is easier to laugh at a man than to appreciate him," Whistler once said, and when Harry Quilter, who succeeded Taylor as the Times's critic, took the house in Tite Street which Whistler had vacated and began to tear down a part of it, he asked, quizzically: "Shall the birthplace of art become the tomb of its parasite?"

There is a bailiff story which Whistler was very fond of relating. Some one had told him that a mixture of snuff and beer had the property of sending people off to sleep. So he purchased a large parcel of snuff, and put the greater part of it into a gigantic tankard full of beer, which he sent out to his bailiff in the garden. It was a very hot summer afternoon, and the man eagerly welcomed his refreshment. Next morning Whistler got up very late and went out into the garden, where he was astounded to see the bailiff sitting in precisely the same position as the day before. The empty tankard was on the table beside him. "Hello, my sleeping beauty," said Whistler, "have you been there all this while?" But the man made no answer. Late in the afternoon the bailiff awoke in the most natural way in the world, exclaiming that it was dreadfully hot weather. Meanwhile Whistler had got some money together, and was able to pay him off. Some hours later the man rushed unceremoniously in and began by asking Whistler what day of the month it was. "Well, sir," the man said, "I can't make it out at all. Here you've paid me three days' possession money, and I could have sworn it was the 16th, but somehow or other everybody tells me it's the 17th, and I see the evening papers are dated the 17th." Whistler was not to be led into discussion. He gave him some more money, but he told him that, now his demands had been satisfied, the sooner he cleared out the better.

Whistler painted a portrait of Carlyle because of his love for the man. After Carlyle's death a popular subscription to buy it for

Glasgow was started, and Whistler put a very modest price on it, four hundred guineas, because he approved of the project; but when he discovered that the subscription specially disclaimed any approval of himself or his art, he raised the price to one thousand guineas—and kept the portrait till the money was raised by the committee.



THE LIME BURNER  
By J. McNeill Whistler  
Thames Series of Etchings

Most artists are so anxious to see their names in print that the audacity of his reply to the famous *Gazette des Beaux Arts*—probably the leading art journal of the world—takes the breath away. It was a question of some etchings by Whistler which they desired to publish to accompany a laudatory article and naturally expected to have the use of them gratis. The artist demanded the full price; which the august editor refused to pay, with words of polite indignation. The artist replied: "Dear Sir: (I translate) I regret infinitely that my means will not permit me to be born in your journal.

The article that you propose me, as a cradle, will cost me too dear. I must, indeed, take back my plates and remain unknown until the end of time, because I cannot be invented by the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*." What a clever advertisement. Of course the incident got into the newspapers.

I have gathered these Whistler anecdotes together from many sources, and I offer them to the readers of *BRUSH AND PENCIL* for

the reason that they tell more of the man than the bald chronology of his life. Everybody is born somewhere and at some time, everybody grows up, accomplishes something or nothing, wins fame or is irretrievably lost in the ruck of mankind; but it is not everybody who has etched his personality on a generation or two with acid of his own distillation. This is what Whistler has done, and I leave his marks to speak for themselves.

FRANK A. HADLEY.



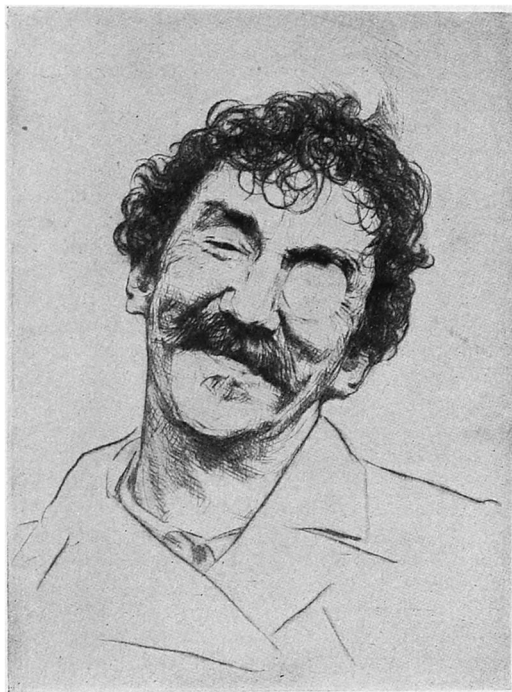
## GLEANINGS FROM AMERICAN ART CENTERS.

\* Carl Rohl-Smith's equestrian statue of General Sherman, the design for which was accepted several years ago, will soon be erected in Washington upon a plat south of the treasury building. When Rohl-Smith died, leaving the work on the statue about half done, his widow engaged Stephen Sinding to complete it. About a year ago Mr. Sinding, who completed his models in Europe, prepared to come to this country with them, when he was prevented by illness, and Mr. Asbjorsen of Chicago was invited to undertake the final work. Upon examination of the models and designs furnished, it was found that there had been misunderstandings as to the size and position of the pedestal, so much of the work had to be done over again. It was a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth. Now, however, the whole is ready for casting. On the four sides of the monolithic pedestal are to be bronze bas-reliefs, picturing respectively the battle of Atlanta, the battle of Missionary Ridge, the march through Georgia, and Sherman alone by the camp-fire. Below the pedestal are to be groups typifying Peace and War.

\* The McClellan monument commission of Washington, composed of the Secretary of War, Senator Wetmore, and General Ruggles, after more than a year's deliberation, has rejected all the models and has decided to give the commission to some American sculptor who has not been identified with the project. It is said that this action was taken through the suggestion of the advisory committee, composed of Augustus St. Gaudens, Daniel C. French, and Charles F. McKim. The competition opened May, 1902. The first decision was in favor of four competing sculptors—C. H. Niehaus, Austin Hays, A. Piccirilli, and Waldo Story, who were requested to submit enlarged models. These enlarged models were placed on view with the originals, since when the question of award has been pending. Recently the advisory committee was called upon for a second opinion, with the result stated. The advisory committee is to be congratulated upon its decision. Its honesty and fairmindedness cannot be questioned, and through its efforts the country has doubtless been

saved a commonplace monument of which it already possesses far too many. Discrimination in public works is to be heartily praised.

♣ The plans of the new Herron Art Institute have been formally accepted by the Indianapolis Art Association. The proposed building in its entirety will cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but for the immediate future only two-fifths of it will be erected.



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 1  
By Mortimer Menpes  
From an Etching

This will be the front of the building looking upon East Sixteenth Street. The style of the building will be the Italian renaissance and will be of Italian oolithic limestone. Places have been left in the façade for portrait medallions of great artists.

♣ There is a movement on foot among the Boston artists to form an art workers' club for women similar to the New York society of that name. Meetings of the artists have been held, a committee has been appointed to further the cause, and it is quite probable that the early fall will see the culmination of the plans. The club

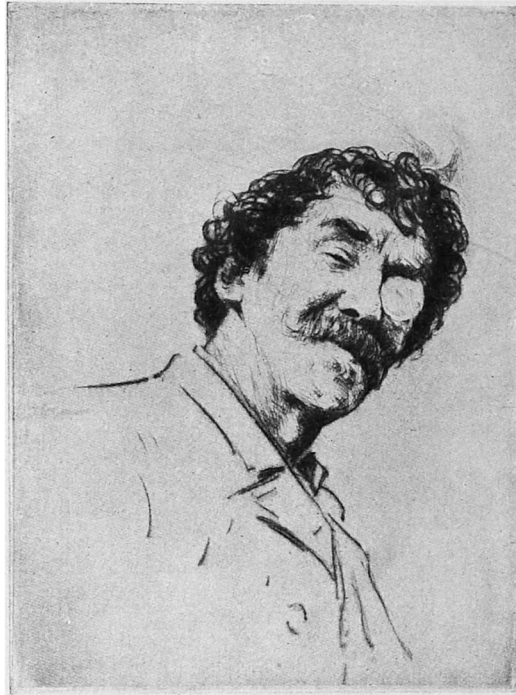
will be conducted along the same lines as the New York society. The New York club was organized six years ago by a few women painters and sculptors for the purpose of mutual support and interest among women artists and models. The club is working to dignify the profession of posing, to assist artists in obtaining suitable models, to find employment for those unsuited for posing or who show special talent in any other direction, and to give aid in case of need. The membership consists at present of one hundred and thirty-five artists and over

one hundred and fifty models. The club is not a charity, by any means; it is co-operative and makes no distinction in its privileges between artists and models. It aims to be of use to both classes.

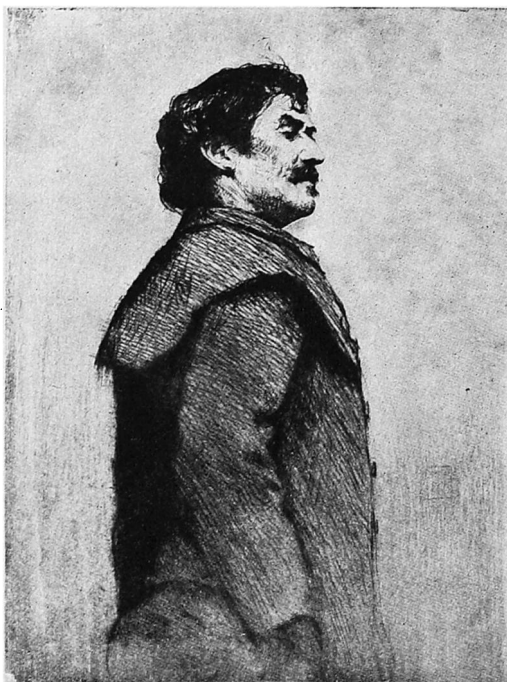
♣ The annual current exhibition at the Worcester Art Museum is said to be well up to the standard and uncommonly interesting. A jury, composed of John J. Enneking, H. W. Ranger, and Miss Cecelia Beaux, awarded the first prize of three hundred dollars to Charles H. Woodbury of Boston for his painting of the "North Atlantic," the second prize of two hundred dollars to W. L. Lathrop of New York for his painting entitled "The Old Quarry," and the third prize of one hundred dollars to Gifford Beale of Pennsylvania for his painting called "Returning Home."

♣ The great scheme of decoration which John S. Sargent designed for the special library floors of the Boston Public Library is now in the second series of the work. The whole scheme, when completed,

will represent the development of the Christian faith. The first part was finished several years ago, and pictures the foundation of Christianity on the growth of Judaism. The second part, on which Mr. Sargent is now at work, is intended to depict the dogma of the redemption. The third part will be a continuation of the second. The work is strikingly bold and unlike any previous aspect of Mr. Sargent's art. One forcible part of the frieze shows the figures of Adam and Eve bound closely to the body of Christ on the cross.



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 2  
By Mortimer Menpes  
From an Etching



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 3  
By Mortimer Menpes  
From an Etching

This represents the symbolism of the central theme—that man and woman are one in nature with the Savior.

✱ Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, who, through his long residence in this country, may be included among American artists, has been honored by having one of his bronze statuettes, "A Girl," placed in a permanent collection in Venice. It was purchased by the Provincial Council of Venice from a recent exhibition held there, and is to be placed in the city's International Gallery of Modern Art.

✱ The directors of the Cincinnati Museum of Fine Arts have purchased for

the permanent collection of the museum John W. Alexander's portrait of Rodin, the French sculptor. The painting is one of this artist's most important canvases. It received a gold medal in the Paris Exhibition of 1900.

✱ Sir Moses Ezekiel, the famous Cincinnati sculptor, now a resident of Rome, has given to the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington an effective and artistic monument. It is called "Virginia Mourning Her Dead," has been erected on the institute grounds, and commemorates the heroism of the cadets who fell at the battle of Newmarket, Virginia, May 15, 1864. The sculptor was himself among these Confederate cadets, and his room-mate, Thomas Jefferson, a great-grandson of the author of the Declaration of Independence, fell in that battle.

✱ Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston's bequest of paintings by famous masters to the Corcoran Gallery will not be accepted by the trustees

of that institution. She stipulated that another wing be added for it, and it was decided that it would cost more to erect the wing than the collection is worth. Although the gift includes a number of excellent paintings by well-known masters, the whole is valued at not more than fifty thousand dollars.

✱ The New York Fine Arts Federation contemplates the erection of a building suitable for the exhibition of works of art, something after the model of the Paris Salon. It is stated that funds have been promised already by an anonymous donor, and that the sum is large enough to insure the success of the scheme.

✱ Additions to the Layton Art Gallery, Milwaukee, presented by Frederick Layton, are "In Brittany," a shore and surf view by Henry Davis of the Royal Academy, containing white and brown cattle, sea-gulls, etc.; and "Seeing Them Off," by the late Thomas Faed, whose *genre* pictures of Scottish peasant life and ideal figures

of sentiment have been favorites for reproduction during the past fifty years.

"Seeing Them Off" is a young Scotch lassie in red underskirt and dress of different dark colors, who leans against an oak with a black kitten in her arms.

✱ Over \$1,825,000 has already been produced by the sale of the late Mme. C. Lelong's art collection in Paris, and the final offerings next October are expected to bring the grand total to more than \$1,900,000. This would break the record. The largest total ever brought in this country was the \$1,205,000 for the Mary J. Morgan collection.



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 4  
By Mortimer Menpes  
From an Etching

## PATHOS OF THE CAREER OF JOHN DONOGHUE, SCULPTOR

The tragic death of John Donoghue, the sculptor, adds another name to the long list of men of high talents who, for some reason or other, failing to achieve the recognition that would give them success, have been driven to melancholy endings. Donoghue was long well known in Chicago, New York, and Boston, and was heartily liked for the genuine nature of his art and his lovable personal qualities. He lacked, however, the stamina to bear up against and overcome adversity, and finally misfortune drove him to a suicide's grave.

Donoghue was "discovered" in Chicago by Oscar Wilde, on his

first visit to this country, more than twenty years ago. Wilde saw the promise of rare plastic talent in the youth that Donoghue then was, and the attention thus drawn to him enabled him to pursue his studies abroad. Returning to this country, he was active in Boston for some time. The exhibition of his work in Horticultural Hall in that city was a notable affair. His "Young Sophocles" was an uncommonly beautiful piece of work. While in Boston he modeled his statue, "The Boxer," studied from John L. Sullivan, but much idealized. Going abroad again,



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 5  
By Mortimer Menpes  
From an Etching

he there modeled a colossal statue, "The Spirit," or something of that sort, for the World's Fair at Chicago. It was said to be a most impressive work. But by some mistake it was forwarded too late, no arrangements had been made to receive it, and it was left on the dock at Brooklyn, a huge bill for transshipment confronting the artist. It was too big to do anything with, and it was probably broken up to get it out of the way.

The keen disappointment that resulted from this disastrous outcome of a really unselfish and patriotic endeavor to honor his country and his native city, was perhaps the thing that determined his decline. He went to Boston for a while, and modeled the bust of John Boyle O'Reilly that marks the poet's grave in Holyrood cemetery. O'Reilly had been a warm friend of the sculptor. Donoghue then went to New York, and little was heard of him until his suicide at New Haven.

Chicago art students, when they learned of his death, placed a white wreath on Donoghue's statue of "Young Sophocles" in the Art Institute, thus silently paying tribute to the genius of a Chicago sculptor whose career was at once curious, fantastic, and tragic. At the age of forty-two, but in appearance a man much older, Donoghue closed a career that had begun with great promise, but that practically ended when the great achievement of his life, as above stated, was shattered into fragments in a Brooklyn stoneyard to get rid of it.

This was really the death of a wonderful idea, since nothing of



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 6  
By Mortimer Menpes  
From an Etching

the statue remains to-day but in the memory of a very few who had seen it under construction in Rome. There was no miniature of it, nor had it ever been photographed. And only a part of it was shipped to this country. It is simply a masterpiece forever lost.



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 7  
By Mortimer Menpes  
From an Etching

The story of this tragedy in artistic endeavor is worthy telling, and I tell it largely in the words of a recently published account. It was Donoghue's dream to be represented in his native city by a great work of art. When the arrangements for the World's Fair were going forward, he conceived the idea for an immense statue to be known as "The Spirit," representing the spirit of the world hovering over chaos. Milton is said to have been the inspiration. When assured that such a statue would be acceptable to the fair commissioners, Donoghue, then in Rome, set to work with great enthusiasm.

The work was of heroic proportions, and some idea of its magnitude may be imagined from the length of the wings of the figure, which measured thirty feet from tip to tip. The statue was to have been brought to this country by the government and on board the Constellation. About the time the work was nearing completion the Constellation arrived in Rome.

The artist asked for a month's time, but it was impossible for the vessel to remain. It was ordered home. When the statue was finally ready the government did not find it convenient to transport it. But Donoghue had friends in his native country, and it was determined to

bring it here by private subscription. After considerable effort on the part of friends the necessary money was at last secured.

Part of the statue was finally sent, but it got no nearer Chicago than Brooklyn, where it was placed in storage. In the succeeding arrangements for the opening of the World's Fair Donoghue's work was lost sight of.

The exact nature of the artistic catastrophe has never been made known, but for over a year half of the statue remained in Rome and half in Brooklyn. When Donoghue came to this country to personally look after his interests, it was too late to do anything. He made numerous appeals, but they apparently came to nothing. He was poor, and his former patrons had done all that was possible for him. Finally that part of the statue in Brooklyn was broken up to pay storage charges. The half of the statue left in Rome

has never been accounted for. It likewise was probably broken up.

The failure to show his work to the public caused Donoghue grievous disappointment. He lost enthusiasm and ambition. Although he had produced a number of works that had taken rank while he was abroad he could not again settle to work after "The Spirit" had been shattered. For a time he worked for New York architects, and several large office buildings there are ornamented with specimens of his artistic skill. Recently he began to give serious study to psychical subjects, and was at work, when he killed himself, on a book to be



WHISTLER PORTRAIT, No. 8  
By Mortimer Menpes  
From an Etching